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POEMS

OF

CHILDHOOD

MILLER



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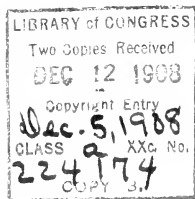


# Poems of... ...Childhood

By  
Harvey M. Miller



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TO  
OUR DAUGHTER  
SARA PARK MILLER  
AGE 3  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS  
AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED



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## A MESSAGE TO CHILDREN

By Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Written expressly for this volume---"Poems of Childhood."

"Honor thy father & thy mother" is one of God's commandments to all children. It means do what they bid you - always tell them the truth - & always treat them with the tenderest love. I have never known a boy or girl to turn out well who trampled on the wishes of father or mother. When George Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home & enter the Navy. But his mother wept so bitterly that he said to his servant "bring back my trunk; I am not going to make my dear mother suffer as by leaving her". That decision of filial affection led him into the career that made him afterwards the honored & beloved Father of his Country."

Theodore L. Cuyler

Brooklyn April 29<sup>th</sup> 1908

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## TO SARA

To you, Bright Eyes, wee human toy,  
A precious heaven and earth alloy,  
From Fancy's free, unfathomed spring  
These chalices of verse I bring.  
For with your coming also came  
Some of my childhood back again :  
The half-forgotten Long Ago,  
The things I did and used to know,  
And all the story books and toys  
That made my childhood heart rejoice.  
So for the pages of this book  
Of Memory's keepsake store I took  
What of my childhood still endures  
To mingle that with all of yours.



## PART I



## AFRAID OF THE WIND

**S**OMETIMES when my prayers are  
said,

And mamma puts me into bed,  
Up and down along the sky  
Comes a wild man riding by:

Up and down, and back again,  
Rattling at the window-pane,  
Calling loudly "Yoo!" so he  
Surely must be after me.

I can hear him galloping  
'Round the house like ever'thing  
To my window here, and then  
Calling "Yoo!" and "Yoo!" again.

Then I draw the covers out  
So he can't see I'm about,  
Close my eyes and, breathing low,  
Wish he'd stop his calling so.

But he never seems to mind,  
Just keeps calling all the time,  
All the time as if he knew  
All the naughty things I do.

'Then I creep, completely hid,  
Underneath the coverlid,  
'Think of all my naughty spells,---  
I can think of nothing else.



Till at last when he says "Yoo!"  
I can't help but cry "Boo---hoo!"  
For I'm drefful scared, and then  
Mamma hurries up again.

"It is just the wind," says she,  
"Nature's holy minstrelsy:  
Every soft and tender note  
Rises from a fairy's throat."

So I close my eyes and creep  
Safely to the Land of Sleep,  
With the wild man riding by,  
Up and down along the sky.

## DOLLY'S TROUBLES

Dolly's miser'ble, oh my !  
    Since Teddy Bear is here;  
Her tongue is silent but her eye  
    Holds many a china tear.  
She gets a ter'ble jealous fit,  
    And pulls her hair apart,  
And soon or late I fear that it  
    Will break her sawdust heart

I know she cannot bear a bear  
    'At looks so drefful stern,  
And all growed up with woolly hair,  
    Just like a pussy-worm,  
For when I take him by the paw,  
    And lay her on the shelf,  
She's so disgusted with it all  
    She can't express herself.

Once when I took some honey cake  
For Teddy Bear and me,  
And mamma found out, goodness  
sake !

And wasn't there to see,  
And I got something, I confess,  
'At wasn't made o' dough,  
Why, dolly went and told, I guess,  
Or how would mamma know ?

And once she shook her china fist  
When Teddy Bear came in,  
And just to see him run she hissed  
The plaster dog at him;  
The muslin cat woke up at that  
To stop the plaster pup,  
But Teddy Bear stood still right there  
And et both of 'em up.

But dolly still is dear to me  
And gets my bestest care:  
A mother loves her child, you see,  
More than a Teddy Bear.  
I give her kisses just like this \*\*\*  
As loving mothers do,  
But gracious me ! I'd never kiss  
A hairy bear. Would you ?

## WINTER-TIME

Now hides the Sun his golden cup  
    Behind the silver cloud,  
And shuts his fiery eyelid up,  
    That made old Summer proud.

The sky is white with snowy fleece  
    That all about us spreads,  
And fairies now pluck fairy geese  
    For fairy feather-beds.

The fields are like a milky sea  
    Across the meadow-land,  
And where the drift piles merrily,  
    There is the silver strand.

The pond is all of shining steel  
Which boys and girls explore,  
And fly about on wing-ed heel  
Across the polished floor.

The sleigh-bells sing a silver song  
Along the marble street,  
Where all the merry-hearted throng  
In furry comfort meet.

The trees are all a china show,  
The fences all are chalk,  
And people tiptoe to and fro  
Upon the glassy walk.

The ivy scarcely stirs an inch,  
Cemented to the wall,  
And Winter's frosty fingers pinch  
The rosy cheeks of all.

But snugly by the fire I sit  
And rock on mamma's knee.  
And never mind the cold a bit  
As you can plainly see.

## RIDE A HORSE

When I tire of playing here,  
And I feel uncomf'y queer,  
Just as if I'd like to go  
Where the sugar-berries grow,  
I leave ever'thing I own,  
Toys and picture books at home,  
And go riding far away,  
To the land of Happy Day.

Happy Day is always bright,  
Just a land of sweet delight,  
Where the robin plays his flute  
On the boughs of golden fruit,  
And the bee in selfish pride  
Makes the rose his honey bride,  
And the people smile and say :  
"Glad to see you, happy day !"



When I'm ready, off I go,  
But my horsey goes so slow;  
First a walk and walk, you see,  
Riding horse on mamma's knee,  
And I can't get there too soon,  
Where the candy kisses bloom,  
And the children laugh and play  
In the land of Happy Day.

So to make my horsey hep,  
I keep shouting : "Please giddep!"  
Crack my whip and bouncing go,  
On the saddle, high and low;  
First a walk and then a trot,  
Never moving from the spot,  
Trit-trot, trit-trot, far away,  
To the land of Happy Day.

Trit-trot, trit-trot, off I ride  
Where the ginger babies hide,  
Chocolate cats and creamy mice,  
In a sugar paradise;  
Where the ice cream cow says "Moo"  
And the taffy sticks like glue,  
In its sweetness there I see  
Happy Day ahead of me.

Fast and faster then we trot,  
Hurrying on without a stop  
Nor a trouble to annoy,  
O'er the sunny hills of joy;  
Then we gallop, gallop in  
To the palace of the king,  
Where the princes are at play  
In the land of Happy Day.

There I see the fairy queen,  
Like a splendid painted dream,--  
Really truly every look  
Just like in my story book;  
And she plies her fairy art  
With a charm upon my heart,  
So that when I ride away  
It is always happy day.

Then my horsey goes trit-trot,  
Slow and slower to a stop;  
Tired, sure enough, but then  
I am safely home again.  
And it's 'deed-'n-double true,  
All my toys seem just like new,  
And the kingdom where I play  
Is the land of Happy Day.

## THE PREACHER

On Sundays when the sky is clear  
So they don't soil their clothes,  
Folks hurry off to church to hear  
How much the preacher knows.

The preacher stands up at a desk  
And tells them when to sing,  
And when some stop to take a rest,  
Why, others just begin.

He reads a big book for a while,  
Until it's time to pray,  
And next a man comes thro' the aisle,  
And then you have to pay.

Then all at once they all keep still,  
To see what he will do,  
And then he reads the big book till  
I guess he reads it through.

And after that they sing some more,  
And next he prays, and then  
The people start off for the door  
And hurry home again.

## BR'ER RABBIT

Old Br'er Rabbit comes a-hopping up  
the lane,  
Knowing it is sure enough Easter-Time  
again;  
Acting drefful scary-like because a hunter chap  
Only last winter-time caught him in a  
trap,  
And that was a tale of woe, for by the  
tail he got 'm,  
But Br'er Rabbit hopped away and  
wrapped it up in cotton.

Now Br'er Rabbit, shy-like, keeps his  
winkers open,  
And he's just so ter'ble busy now you  
never find him loafin';  
Don't have time to comb his hair or  
stroke his little whiskers,  
Because the little laddies and all their  
little sisters  
Are expecting him to get around and  
leave a little nest  
Of pretty colored Easter eggs afore they're  
up and dressed.

I often wondered why it was the Good  
Man made him so  
'That all the time he's hopping when he's  
running,--now I know:  
It keeps you always hopping when you  
have so much to do,  
And that is how Br'er Rabbit does or he  
could not get thro',  
And millions little boys and girls would  
all be disappointed  
If the Good Man hadn't made the Easter  
Rabbit nimble-jointed.



So Br'er Rabbit comes along a-hopping  
up the lane,  
Coming 'round rememberin' his little  
friends again;  
Hears them say their little prayers and  
sweetly go to rest,  
And then he goes a-hopping 'round to  
fill the Easter nest.  
He knows they'll all be happy when it's  
time to wake again,  
So Br'er Rabbit hurries off a-hopping  
down the lane.

## THE RAIN MAN

**I**N summer when it's very warm  
The Rain Man rides upon the storm,  
And booming like a big bass drum,  
I hear his rumbling chariot come,  
And every time he lights his pipe  
I see the flash, by day or night.

He brings a brimming sprinkling can  
'To cheer the weary farmer man,  
'Then stops directly overhead  
And spills it o'er the garden-bed,  
And scrubs the dusty, dirty face  
Of every posy in the place.

He gives the rose a cleaner dress  
Of crimson velvet loveliness,  
And in the lily's snowy cup  
He pours a drink to freshen up,  
And when his pipe goes out at last,  
The Rain Man and the storm have passed.

## THE CLOCK

**T**HE clock is running where it stands,  
But never gets away,  
And there it points with both its hands  
To tell the time of day.

It tells the time to go to bed,  
And when it's time to rise,  
“Wake up!” it says, “you sleepy-head,  
And rub, and rub your eyes.”

And if I wake or if I sleep,  
It tells the time, I know,  
And that, I guess, is just what keeps  
Its tongue a-wagging so.

## THE MULE

**T**HE patient mule is always sad,  
His face is mostly ears,  
Which keeps him feeling ter'ble bad  
About the things he hears.

And even when he hears a joke  
That splits him 'most in half,  
You'd think his funny-bone was broke  
To hear his mournful laugh.

His tail is smooth as any eel,  
And when he's tickled there,  
He cheers so hearty with his heel  
That all his sadness share.

## THE WOODEN HILL

**T**HE Sandman comes on tippy-tiptoe,  
At night when the sun goes down,  
And the hush-a-by breezes softly blow  
O'er the children in Drowsy-Town;  
The By-low lady sings sweet and low,  
And the Sandman tiptoes still,  
While we rub our eyes and away we go,  
Away up the Wooden Hill.

The way up the Wooden Hill I know  
Like a path in a posy park :  
It's the place where the wall-paper roses  
grow  
All day and all night in the dark :  
Where it's all growed over with carpet  
flowers  
To be crushed right under my feet  
When the Sandman comes in the evening  
hours  
And I climb up the Wooden Steep.

The Wooden Hill is the way to bed,  
    To the shore of the Slumber Sea,  
Where the Dreamship carries the  
        sleepy-head  
    To the foot of the dreamland tree;  
An angel pilots the Dreamship true,  
    As we sail o'er the Slumber Deep,  
And the Good Man watches the long  
        night thro',  
    To the end of the voyage, Sleep.



When we reach the foot of the dreamland  
tree

In the beautiful garden of Nod  
On a dear little isle in the Slumber Sea,  
Where we travel alone with God,  
The angel gently shakes the good tree  
In a moment of happiest bliss,  
And down falls a sweet little dream for  
me,  
As sweet as an angel's kiss.

A sweet little dream of a dolly with curls,  
    And pretty blue eyes that sleep,  
And snowy white teeth like a string of  
    pearls,  
    Where the lips at the Kissing-Place  
    meet;  
A wee dolly coach and a tiny gold ring,  
    A wee dolly cradle and bed,---  
The sweet little dream lets fall ever'thing  
    And piles it all over my head.

Oh, I love to sail on the Slumber Sea  
On the Dreamship to the end,  
With a beautiful angel to pilot me  
Safe back to the shore again;  
Back to the top of the Wooden Hill,  
And down o'er the carpet flowers,  
Where the birds hop up on the window-  
sill,  
And sing thro' the morning hours.

## THE GOBBLER

**T**HE turkey gobbler's face is red,  
He must be very warm,  
And like a fan his tail is spread  
About his haughty form.

I think it is a foolish plan  
To have it in that place---  
He can't keep cool to hold his fan  
The wrong end from his face.

## THE SWING

I like to ride all day in a swing  
    Under a shady tree,  
Up in the air like a flying thing---  
    A bird or a bum'ler bee.

Back and forth like the ticky-tick-tock  
    Of the clock on the wall;  
Up in the air where the sunbeams flock  
    And down where the rose-leaves fall.

High in the air I can see far away,  
    Over the hills and trees,  
Off to the fields where the daisies gay,  
    Smile and nod in the breeze.

There are the meadows far and wide,  
    Green and gold in the sun,  
Where the buttercups in the clover hide,  
    And busy honey bees hum.

Where the lark hops early out of bed  
    With a song for the day,  
And Bob White wakens the sleepy-head,  
    And the rabbit children play.

The hills where the splendid rainbows rise  
    And here where I swing,  
Everywhere seems a paradise,  
    For God is in everything.

## SEEING THINGS

**W**HEN mamma takes me by the hand  
And leads the way to Slumberland  
And says, "Good night, now dearie sleep!  
Under the counterpane I creep  
And close my eyes, but spite of all  
I'm seeing things upon the wall.

Hop-toads hop and skip about---  
Eyes like glass beads bulging out,  
Piggies squealing in my ear,  
And a mousey nibbling near,  
Busy bugs with buzzing wings,  
So I can't help seeing things.

There are anermals at me  
If I wake or sleep, you see:  
When I have a cold, suppose,  
Why, a bug is up my nose;  
When I am a little hoarse---  
Frog is in my throat, o' course.

There are piggies at my toes,  
How they got there, goodness knows!  
And when mamma combs my hair,  
Sure enough a mousey's there,  
Or get my bath, why, I declare,  
Then I'm a little baby bare.



So I can't help seeing things,  
Busy bugs with buzzing wings,  
And all the anermals that whirl  
Around a teeny-weeny girl,  
When mamma takes me by the hand  
And leads the way to Slumberland.

## THE MOON

**T**HEY say the moon is made of cheese,  
It is so round and yellow,  
And there's a man up in the moon,  
And he's a busy fellow.

He cuts the cheese a quarter slice,  
And sometimes half the ball,  
And when the moon cannot be seen  
I guess the cheese is all.

## MAMMA'S MISTAKE

I'M sure there's only one of me,  
As anyone can plainly see,  
And yet of all the queerest things  
I sometimes think I'm re'ly twins.

For I'm a "good girl" when I do  
Whatever mamma tells me to,  
But if some mischief I get at  
I am a "naughty girl" for that.

I think there must be some mistake,  
If mamma will in-ves-ti-gate;  
A good and naughty girl to be  
Is too much to expect of me.

For once I saw a little lass  
Peep out of our looking-glass,  
And always ready to begin  
A-peeping out when I peeped in.

And she was looking just like me---  
As near alike as twins can be,  
And mamma couldn't tell for true  
The difference between us two.

But I'M the "good girl" mamma has;  
The "naughty girl" is in the glass;  
And there is only one of me  
As anyone can plainly see.

## THE TELL-TALE BIRDIE

**T**HERE are birds that come and swing  
On our apple-tree and sing,  
And fly away and never own  
A spot 'at's re'ly truly home.

But there's a birdie I believe,  
'At hasn't time at all to leave,  
And never sings on bush or tree,  
It's just too busy watching me.

For once I broke my dolly's head  
To see her brains, and then in dread  
I told mamma. She said : "I know---  
A little birdie told me so."

And once I took some cookies sweet  
To see if they were good to eat,  
But mamma, sure enough, would know--  
The little birdie told her so.

When I upset the ink she knew--  
The little birdie told her too;  
No matter what I do, you see,  
The little birdie tells on me.

It's ever'where, in ever'thing,  
But I have never heard it sing,  
And I can't see it's any use---  
It's such a simple little goose.

## GRAN'PA

**M**Y Gran'pa's good as he can be;  
When he takes me on his knee  
He hunts my funny-bone and shows  
Where the Tickle-Berry grows  
And the "Ha ! Ha !" laughs come from;  
We have, O, such jolly fun---  
He forgets those aches o' his;  
An' how old he re'ly is.

Very, very long ago,  
Gran'pa was a boy, you know;  
Just a little child like me,  
On his angel mamma's knee;  
An' he 'members, so to say,  
Like it had been yesterday,  
Laughs and whistles now as then---  
Happy as a boy again.



Yes, o' course he's bent a bit  
In his back, but proud of it:  
There he carried all the load  
All along the weary road,  
An' his head will soon or late  
Be frosted like a picnic cake,  
While he carries, where he goes,  
Little windows on his nose.

But 'n'deed all gran'pas they  
Allers look just thataway,  
An' their wrinkles only show  
Dimples of the Long Ago;  
For my Gran'pa ain't forgot  
Funny-bone or kissing-spot,  
Or sugar mouth 'at used to be,  
When he takes me on his knee.

## BED-TIME IN FAIRYLAND

**A**T night when all the stars are out  
And twinkle up on high,  
The little fairies are about  
And tiptoe through the sky.

All wrapped in their blue nighties they  
Go toddling overhead:  
With starry lamps to show the way  
The fairies go to bed.

## PUSSY ME-OW

**O**NCE on a time a pussy-cat  
With fur as fine as silk,  
And black as papa's Sunday hat  
Hungry on our doorstep sat  
And cried "Me-ow !" for milk.

A naughty dog a-sneaking came  
And made a "Bow-wow-wow !"  
And shook her---wasn't it a shame?---  
Until she had to "ouch" for pain,---  
It was an awful row.

And pussy-cat is scary now  
    When doggies sneak and crouch;  
And when she hears a "bow-wow-wow"  
She never cries "Me-ow! Me-ow!"  
    But just "Me-ouch! Me-ouch!"

## MARY ANN

**M**Y dolly's name is Mary Ann  
But she don't seem to know,  
And I can't make her understand---  
She learns so ter'ble slow.

I try to teach her ev'ry day  
But she'll just sit and stare  
And never mind, as if to say  
She doesn't even care.

She can't be coaxed by any plan  
To use her little tongue;---  
I re'ly think that Mary Ann---  
She must be deaf and dumb.

## BUILDING BLOCKS

**I** have a box  
Of wooden blocks  
Of ev'ry shape and size,  
And these I pile  
In ev'ry style,  
And so my houses rise.

Without a tool  
I build a school,  
A factory, and then  
A church, a store,  
Upon the floor,  
And tear them down again.

A bank, a shop---  
I never stop  
Till I have built a town;  
It is such fun,  
As one by one,  
I make them tumble down.

I build a boat  
And let it float  
Upon the carpet sea,  
And, tempest-tossed,  
The boat is lost,  
And left a wreck by me.



And next a barn  
Upon a farm,  
All filled with grain and hay;  
A house beside,  
With porches wide,  
I build and tear away.

And temples fair  
I build with care,  
And palaces for kings,  
But one and all  
Must surely fall,  
For they are fleeting things.

And castles grand  
At my command  
Fall into ruins quite.  
I never knew  
Before, did you,---  
I had such awful might?

## LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

**T**HIS little mouth is like a door  
And always in good trim,  
Where ev'ry word I say comes out  
And sugar lumps go in.

These little eyes are clear as glass  
Like windows in my head,  
Where I look out and see the sun  
When I wake up in bed.

This little nose seems very like  
A little chimney top,  
Where smoke comes out on frosty days  
Like at our coffee-pot.

These little ears, as you can see,  
Are shutters on the side,  
Sometimes I keep them shut up tight  
And sometimes open wide.

Indeed I am so like a house  
I couldn't tell this minute,  
If I'm a little house or just  
The little girl within it.

But while I live I want to keep  
The house in sweetest beauty,  
And in good order, 'cause it is  
A true housekeeper's duty.

## SLEEPY-HEAD

**S**OMETIMES I am so tired it seems  
I can't hold up my head,  
For when it's loaded down with dreams  
It's like a lump o' lead;  
And when the drowsy mists arise  
Across the Dreamland evening skies,  
Down go the curtains of my eyes,  
And I must go to bed.

I have to nod and stretch, oh hum!  
And stretch and nod again,  
And pray but almost say "oh hum"  
Where I should say "Amen!"  
And then I'm snugly tucked in bed,  
A tired little sleepy head,  
And wonder what the Sandman said  
Until I wake again,

## MAKE BELIEVE

**S**OMETIMES it seems too long to wait  
Until I grow up big and great  
Like folks who pass along the street  
And bow politely when they meet,  
But then I never stop to grieve,  
I straightway go to Make Believe---  
The dearest place, where in a wink  
I change as quick as I can think.

In Make Believe I have no curls  
But comb my hair like grown up girls,  
Nor wear short dresses anymore  
But gowns that trail across the floor,  
And wear a great big posy hat  
With feathers, lace and ribbons at,  
For then I make believe, you see,  
I am a lady 'stead of me.



## GRAN'MA

**D**EAR old Gran'ma allers makes  
The bestest kind of little cakes,  
Ginger dollies, anermals too,  
Doughnuts 'at have peep-holes through,  
An' biscuit hearts for me to break,  
All for my unworthy sake.

An' when I go to Gran'ma's she  
Keeps those goodies all for me;  
She is so very good and kind  
I'm sure it would be hard to find  
In all the round of childhood bliss  
A sweetheart like my Gran'ma is.

She leads me gently by the hand  
All thro' the garden Posy Land  
Where pinks like painted pictures grow,  
A re'ly royal beauty show;  
And then our homeward way we take,  
Back to the pleasant Land o' Cake.

There snug in Gran'ma's lap to be  
Is happiness enough for me;  
Close by the open sugar bowl,  
Her loving arms about me fold,  
And in her comf'y rocking chair  
We rock and ride 'most ever'where.

Sometimes we take a rocking trip  
And fancy we are on a ship,  
With Gran'ma captain, as it were,  
And me the only passenger;  
Or fancy it's a railroad train,  
That brings us safely home again.

Safe home where little ginger men  
And ladies welcome me again;  
No sweeter place I've ever known  
Than just the Land o' Cake alone,  
And there I kiss and crown Gran'ma  
The goody goody queen of all.

## SUMMER LAND

**I**N Summer Land I like to be  
Underneath the apple tree  
Which makes a cooling shade for all,  
Just like a great big parasol.

High in its branches, sweet and cool,  
The birds are having singing school,  
And serenade the feathered pair  
About to start housekeeping there.

And all around the flowers bloom  
To please the happy bride and groom,  
And Summer Land is sweeter far  
Than any other countries are.

Along the garden walk I see  
Sweet posy children smile at me,  
With dainty colored dresses on  
And bright-eyed faces, everyone.

There little Pansy lifts her head  
And wakes up from her garden-bed  
And Daisy proudly longs to wear  
The Lady Slippers growing there.

There bugs and butterflies are found  
And there the bum'ler bee comes 'round  
And gives Miss Hollyhock a hug  
And fills his honey-'lasses jug.

But all along the busy street  
We feel the burning Summer heat  
And when the breezes blow there flies  
The dust like pepper in my eyes.

The tears come rolling off my nose  
And oozing out from head to toes  
As if I leaked from every pore  
And couldn't stop it anymore.

## GRUMBLE ALLEY

**T**HE little girls and little boys  
Who just keep looking sweet,  
And play content with dolls and toys,  
All live on Happy Street;  
But those who pout and those who frown  
And all their passion rally,  
Live in a cheerless part of town,  
In gloomy Grumble Alley.

It's nice to be on Happy Street,  
Where smiling children play,  
And where their little playmates meet  
To laugh their cares away;  
For there the little hearts are light  
And make the glad earth ring,  
When girls and boys with faces bright  
The songs of childhood sing.



But once when I was pouting so  
And would'nt even kiss,  
They said at last they learned to know  
A Grumble Alley miss.  
And now I try with all my heart  
To just keep looking sweet,  
And laugh and smile and never part  
From sunny Happy Street,

## THE SHADOW

**A**T night when our lamp is lit  
And I come in to play a bit  
Alone with dolly, all at once  
A funny Little Black Man comes.

Sometimes he follows me around,  
Or goes ahead, without a sound:  
So quietly, I never hear  
The Little Black Man tiptoe near.

Across the carpet, up the wall,  
He stretches like a giant tall,  
Till I am 'most afraid that he  
Might catch a little girl like me.

But when I go right close to him  
He shrinks until he's short and thin,  
Just like a Lil-li-pu-ti-an,---  
A teeny-weeny Shadow Man.

And when I walk away he steals  
In silence closely at my heels,  
Or if I turn, to my surprise,  
Flat on the floor my shadow lies.

I've tried to chase him from the room,  
And sweep him up with mamma's broom,  
But he won't go a step for me  
Unless I go along, you see,

He never seems to mind at all,  
But creeps up close against the wall,  
And like a naughty boy he stands  
And mocks me when I raise my hands.

And if I try to catch him there  
It seems he isn't anywhere;  
I think it very strange and queer,  
For he will always disappear.

And when the lamp is out at night,  
He's always somewhere out of sight.  
Now I would re'ly like to know---  
Where does the Little Black Man go?

## 'ANTA C'AUS

**T**HERE is a jolly Wonder Man  
All dressed in furry clothes,  
With milky, silky whiskers and  
A bumpy bunch of nose;  
And ev'ry Chris'mas Eve he comes  
With dolls an' trumpets, books an' drums,  
Fast from the frozen Far-Away,  
A-riding on a reindeer sleigh.

He allers comes at night because  
    It's then we dream anew  
Of toys and dolls, and 'Anta C'aus  
    He makes the dreams come true.  
And so when mamma's locking up  
I hang my little stocking up,  
And toddle off to bed,--- the sweet  
Dream-heaven of the Land of Sleep.

And then a-bounding o'er the snow  
    He comes with gifts galore;  
He's loaded down with bundles so  
    He can't get through the door;  
But he don't mind and, smiling droll,  
He squeezes down the chimney-hole,  
Unpacks his wonder bundle----then  
Just like a wink he's off again.

And when I wake, behold I see  
    What 'Anta C'aus has done,---  
A toyful, joyful Christmas Tree  
    He hung my dreams upon.  
And papa laughs and mamma she---  
She just smiles and watches me,  
To see me clap my hands because  
I'm so glad for 'Anta C'aus.



## PART II



## THE LITTLE CRIB

**T**HE little crib is a sweet retreat  
At the end of a busy day,  
Where the tired little hands and feet  
Are tenderly tucked away;  
A downy nest of dreamy rest  
Where the slumber shadow creeps  
And angels fair keep watchful care  
While our little darling sleeps.

There the little song of the happy day  
    Is hushed in the silent dark,  
To be heard again in a roundelay  
    With the song of the morning lark;  
And the roses creep o'er the dimpled  
    cheek  
    On the pillow snowy white,  
Like the perfect bliss of a perfumed kiss,  
    When our darling says "Good-night!"

Not all the gold of the richest mine,  
Where the treasures of earth are hid,  
Would I take in exchange for the babe  
divine,  
That rests in the little crib;  
Wealth, fame, renown, or kingly crown,  
Lord over land or sea----  
In none of them lies so rich a prize  
As the little crib holds for me.

When shadows of doubt encompass me  
And I falter beneath the rod,  
I look in the wee little crib and see  
The true living witness of God,---  
My sweet little child, pure, undefiled,  
With the innocent angel face,  
Like a halo cast till the room at last  
Seems a holy, heavenly place.

Oh, empty and vain are the honors of  
earth,  
And false all its glittering gold !  
The God-given treasure of infinite worth  
Is this sweet little innocent soul,---  
The dear little dove of the homeland of  
love,  
In soft downy pillows half hid,---  
Naught else can compare with my one  
treasure there----  
My darling asleep in the crib.

## SLUMBER SONG

**S**LEEP, my weary dearie, sleep,  
Sailing o'er the Dreamy Deep,  
This thy bed---the good ship Rest,  
Takes thee on a peaceful quest;  
With thy sail of counterpane,  
Thou shalt ride the By-low Main,  
Blissful voyage then, my sweet,  
Sleep, my bonny baby, sleep!



Where the silent water flows  
Thou shalt rest in sweet repose,  
While along the star-lit sky  
Floats the Night-wind's lullaby;  
Sweetly borne to rosy rest,  
In thy cosy little nest,  
Sailing, sailing o'er the deep,  
Sleep, my bonny baby, sleep !

;

Let the good ship sail away  
To another happy day,  
O'er the peaceful waters borne  
To the sunny hills of morn !  
I'll be waiting for thee when  
Thou shalt anchor here again;  
All my love for thee I keep,  
Sleep, my weary dearie, sleep !

## HOME-MADE ROYALTY

**O**UR home a little kingdom is,  
Its coronation was the scene  
Of Love investing mamma queen,  
Anointed by our baby's kiss;  
But she was prone to abdicate,  
And made love's sweet surrender  
there,  
To baby in the high chair where  
The heir-apparent reigns in state.

## PINK PIGGIES

**T**EN little piggies all in a row,  
Where do the little pink piggies go?  
They slide down the stairway and run  
through the hall,  
They climb to the pantry-shelf and  
tumble over all,  
Every hour of the day into mischief led,  
And then at night they carry little  
sleepy-head to bed.

## THE TINWARE BAND

**H**ERE comes the band on dress parade  
A-marching up the street,  
Now we'll have a serenade,  
A tuneful tinware treat.

See them march like soldier men,  
How they keep in line,---  
Up the street and down again,  
All performing fine!

To the tin-horn's "toot-a-toot!"  
Merrily they come,  
With a dipper-handle flute,  
And a dish-pan drum.

Bessie bears the banner high,  
    Mounted on a broom;  
Willie blows his bellows dry,  
    Getting into tune.

Georgie opes his mouth a space  
    Very like a tunnel,  
Sounding deep to lower bass  
    Through a spacious funnel.

And the way they all join in,  
    Little girls and boys,  
Spite of all discordant din,  
    Makes a tuneful noise.

Such a musical array  
Sousa never planned,  
As these little children play  
In the Tinware Band.

### BABY'S PRAYER

**D**EAR Dod, b'ess teeny-weeny me;  
Papa an' mamma,---'ust us three !  
I p'ay thee, 'ord, my soul to keep;  
Now I lay me down to s'leep !

## THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS

**O**H, dolly looks so shabby now---  
She can't go out at all,  
'Cause if the Rag Man saw her  
I'm sure he'd want to call,  
And although I'm very busy,  
I'll straightway have to go  
For needle, thread and thimble,  
And sit right down and sew.



Let's see, I'll get the fashion book  
And study that a while,  
For dolly's dresses must be made  
The very latest style,---  
With ruffles, flounces, puffs and frills,  
Behindward and before,---  
She won't need any pockets in,  
She don't know what they're for.

I won't need any pattern  
    Just to make a dolly dress,  
'T will fit her quite as well I think  
    To do it all by guess;  
You simply cut the goods all up,---  
    That's how it is begun,  
Then sew it all together and---  
    Why, then the dress is done.

I like to sit and sew all day,  
For dolly must have clothes,  
But mamma says my stitches  
Are as long as papa's nose,  
And then I'm quite insulted  
And think I'd rather play;  
While mamma does the sewing  
So the Rag Man stays away.

## QUESTION MARK

**E**VERY evening, after dark,  
Comes my little "Question Mark;"  
Comes and settles on my knee,  
Ready to examine me;  
And the questions that engage---  
All-confounding fool and sage---  
To unending currents grow,  
Like the Puzzle River's flow,  
Till at last in sheer despair,  
Finding neither let nor pause,  
Looking wise, to her I bear  
This intelligence---"Because."

“What gives pussy her cold nose?  
“Who put needles in her toes?  
“How far is it to the sky?  
“Why does not the moo-cow fly?  
“Where is 'Anta C'aus?---and when,  
“When will Chris'mas come again?  
“Does the clock strike with its hands?  
“Is it going where it stands?”  
These, and countless questions more  
    That perplex her childish thought,  
Quite exhaust my meagre lore,  
    Suddenly come all to naught.

Yet with every setting sun  
Little Question Mark will come,  
Wonder, marvel and surprise  
Showing in her searching eyes,  
And her questions without end  
Take me sore to task again :  
Why my hair is short and thin,  
And---“What makes the kettle sing ?”  
Thus they come without a pause---  
    I can scarcely make reply  
Till another one she draws  
    From her bountiful supply.

## NOAH'S ARK

NOAH'S Ark was safe in port  
And anchored high and dry  
Where Toyland charms of every sort  
Delighted baby's eye.  
The animals made quite a noise  
As animals will do,  
And baby, happy with her toys,  
Said lustily: "Goo-goo!"

Just then old Noah's pussy-cat  
    Hopped right out thro' the door  
And chased a naughty little rat  
    Pell-mell across the floor.  
At that a wooden puppy flew  
    Upon the ratter's trail,  
And barked as wooden puppies do,  
    And wagged his wooden tail.



The elephant and 'potamus  
    The lion and the bear  
Came out to see what's all the fuss  
    But baby didn't scare.  
The horsey shied and gave a neigh  
    The woolly sheep said "Baa!"  
And when the mule began to bray  
    The baby laughed "Ha! Ha!"

The rooster crowed with all his might,  
    To hear the puppy bark;  
The little red hen took a fright  
    And hid behind the ark.  
The ducky came and said "Quack-quack!"  
    The piggy squealed "Wee-wee!"  
And baby, much amused at that,  
    Laughed merrily "He ! he !"

The animals, excited now,  
    Came rushing one by one,  
But baby quite enjoyed the row  
    And thought it jolly fun;  
But when the cow with lantern eyes,  
    Began to bellow "Moo!"  
It took her so much by surprise  
    She cried "Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

## LITTLE SWEETHEART

WHO comes and meets me at the door,  
And gives me of her precious store  
Of love and kisses, o'er and o'er?  
Little Sweetheart.

Who comes and perches on my knee,  
To ride a horse and gallop free,  
Far, far away, and back to me?  
Little Sweetheart.

Who follows me with earnest looks  
To all the pleasant little nooks  
Throughout the Land of Story Books?  
Little Sweetheart.

Who laughs and sings the livelong day,  
And leads me on the sunny way  
Where love and sweet contentment stay?  
    Little Sweetheart.

Who, tired, comes to be caressed,  
And seeks a pillow on my breast,  
To rest? My Little Sweetheart. Rest,  
    Little Sweetheart.

## THE RAINBOW

**T**HE rain had fallen down in showers  
That almost drowned the meadow  
flowers,

But when the sky began to clear  
A splendid rainbow did appear;  
And seeing that, in manner gay,

    Wee Dorothy was heard to shout:  
“They think it’s Decoration Day  
    I see they have their bunting out.”

## HAND-WRITING ON THE WALL

**S**OMEBODY found a pencil,--- now  
who could that somebody be?  
Somebody eagerly used it where nobody  
else should see,  
For here on the wall in the hallway, in  
an off-hand fashion are strung  
The most curious hieroglyphics, and all  
in an unknown tongue.

Somebody versed in letters that nobody  
here understands  
Left a mysterious message that some ex-  
planation demands;  
What are these singular symbols, these  
labored inscriptions absurd,  
As wierd as the ancient Egyptian, I can-  
not decipher a word?



What do those curly creations, those  
fanciful flourishes mean,  
Stopping abrupt in an angle like the  
jumping-off place in a dream?  
They cannot be Greek, Latin, Hebrew,  
altho' they resemble them all;  
Oh, who can interpret the meaning of  
the hand-writing here on the  
wall?

What should we do to somebody, if some-  
body taken to task  
Should confess that the meaning was mis-  
chief from the first sweeping  
stroke to the last ?  
Don't you think it a proper proceeding to  
make an inviolate rule  
That all mischievous hand-writing experts  
should be sent to a sound  
spanking school ?

What?--- somebody sobbing--- you're  
sorry? The cry of repentance is  
heard,  
And the tears of the penitent culprit ef-  
face every mischievous word;  
For so the good Master disposes,--- who  
his infinite love will entreat,  
Find the chastening process is bitter, but  
the joy of forgiveness is sweet.

## GOING BYE-BYE

**G**OING bye-bye!---what delight  
    To my little miss  
Holding to my fingers tight,  
    Going bye-bye is!  
Down to Gran'ma's, here or there,  
O'er the city thoroughfare,  
Town or country, everywhere,  
    Going bye-bye's bliss.

And to see her romp for joy,  
    A-going bye-bye  
Thrills my heart as when a boy  
    I, too, went bye-bye.  
But I fear there'll come a day,  
Bye-bye will not sound so gay,  
When 'twill break my heart to say,  
    "She's going bye-bye!"





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